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Choice Poetry.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF NOME.

For have put the chhildren to bed, Alice-Mond, and Willie, and Rose; They have lisped their sweet "Our Father," And sent engine night's repeat Bid they think of me, dear A fice? Did they think of me, and say: "God bless him, and God save him,

Oh! my very heart grows sick, Alice, Rose, with her pure white foreh And Mand, with her curls of gold And Willie, so gay and sprightly, So merry and full of gles -Oh, my heart yearns to enfold ye, My smiling group of three.

ear father, far away?"

f can bear the noisy day. Alice-The camp-life gay and wild, Shuts from my yearning bosom The thoughts of wife and child; But when the night is round me, And under its strong beams I gather my cloak about me, dream such long, and dream

I think of a pale young wife, Alice When the drum best at evening, And called me to my place. Left in the dear bome nest, And my soul is sick with longings That will not be at rest.

Oh! when will the war be over, Alice Oh! when shall I behold Rose, with her pure white forehead, And Mand, with her onels of gold And Willie, so gay and sprightly, So merry and full of glee; And more than all, the dear wife

God guard and keep you all, Alice; God guard and keep me, too; For if only one were missing, Oh! when will the war be over! And when shall I behold

Sclect Tale.

THE NIMBLE SHILLING.

A SKETCH OF EARLY HISTORY.

BY SOLITAIRE.

It is a matter of congratulation that with progress of refinement in the West. the common use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage is fast getting out of fashion, and many of our oldest and most respected citisens, who, in their primitive days, were engaged in the traffic, have seen its evils, and set their faces against it. We know that some of the captions old topers, who still adhere to the ardent, speeringly say their neighbors did not quit until they had made their fortunes -but what of that ? It is evident they are sincere in their opposition to spiritnons liquors, when they themselves cease the use, as well as the sale of the article. In gathering material for the future history of the West, we are often struck with the fact how steadily that evil agent, whiskey, has advanced with civilization, how many tragedies marked its painful merch, and how many humorous anecdotes it has given birth to. Our purpose at present is to chronicle one of the latter; but as the family of the old Illinois whiskey dealer have discarded the article, and have, in the course of time and progress, risen to wealth and dignity, we will of course omit names.

During the last war, when the "Ran gers" were on duty through Western Il-linois, whiskey was a deplorably scarce article, and the money to purchase it, when found, was equally hard to obtain. Among the old Rangers the "corn-juice" se considered as necessary to subsistence "corn-dodgers;" but, having received no pay for a long period, the small stock of fends had entirely run out. In the meantime an old dealer had succeeded in raising two barrels of the comfortable liquid, and erected a small shanty near the camp, where his shingle, in chalked capitals, declared that

"WHISKET IS ARRIV AT SIX SENCE A SUC." Major Murdock, one of the old veterans, had for two days, in a wofully parched state, been searching his "kiverin" for a stray bit that he knew was somewhere about him, but his efforts to chase it up appeared unavailing—there were so many patches on his hunting shirt, that it was impossible to find the one which he had made a pocket to contain the precious coin, and at last he had given it up. He tried to get trust for two drinks until he could find it, but the owner of the shanty knew better than to trust any of that

"Try again Major," said a dry crony, who knew the circumstance; "try agin; bever give up in a good cause—a shillin" in eilver now is worth gold anuther time." The Major did try again, and at last, down in the seam of the tail, the Major discovered the little joker, and perhaps be bailed the discovery with a yell of sat-

"Now, Bill," says he, "we'll give that old feller's barrel a rip for two inwigorators, and no dispute."

They accordingly adjounred to the hanty, and called for the "medicine." The owner looked at the Major doubtfully, but when he displayed the bit, heeitation vanished—he instantly drew the

Major as keen as an Indian. He observed while drinking that the dealer placed the money on a little shelf behind him, and just above his head; it was within reaching distance, too, from his stand beside the temporary counter-upon this discov-

ery he at once acted.

Bill signified assent, but looked at the Major with some surprise and inquiry in his countenance, as to where he would find another bit; but the old ranger soon opened his eyes wider. The dealer had no sooner stooped to draw from the bar-rel, than the Major picked the shilling off the shelf and paid it over again for the drinks.

"I know'd you had money, Major, said the dealer, "ef you could only consent

The Major laughed at the remark, as he replied: "Well, you're a cunning sarpent, Jo, and bound to make suthin' out of us fellers. I declare that licker is so tremengus that it's sot me cravin' in my innards !"

"Don't give it up yit, Major," chimed in the dealer; thar's more whar that come from, and of the same brewin'. I know you have been sufferin' for these few days past cause you didn't like to open, and I hated precious bad to refnee you; but whiskey costs a powerful

"Well, we will jest take anuther atom of a drink, and then lumber," says the willing Ranger. The shilling was picked off the shelf, and went through the same process again, with equal satisfaction. After swallowing another round, the Ranger smacked his lips and made a move towards the door, and turned back

"I thought you'd think better of it, Major," said the dealer; "sech stuff as this don't stay long in these diggins. You'll go anuther, I guess."

"Well, jest one more," says the Major; 'I declare I think it war some sech licker that tempted Adam, instid of an apple, as the scriptur sex. It is all sufficiently

log, if the dogs war arter him." In reaching for the shilling this time the Major was so eager, and a little excited withal, that he drooped it down right before the owner of the shanty.

"Hello!" says he; "that thar shelf must be gittin crowded when they are droppin' off-or is this yours, Major ?" 'It's yours now, answered the Ranger,

in' you may git bit so often.'

was all that the search produced.

Queer Things.—We know lazy, shift-less, trifling devile, who never pay a ish de American covernment, to a pig my and de BUBLIC HORSH. dollar of taxes in their lives, who are horsk; and you know he must be bretty howling twelve out of the twenty-four pig, order how could be garry so many hours about "the enormous taxes we are burdened with."

day's work in their lives-save when make Sholly blough in de gorn-I rides borrowing or stealing was impossible- him to de market, de mill, de shtill who are howling like wolves against

We know men who never had an entire dollar in their lives, spend hours in ex-

above topic is done by the classes men-

It is stated that when Gen. McClellan heard of the crossing of the Rappahannock he buried his face in his hands, &c.—N.

It is stated, and it is a fact, that wh Gen. McClellan heard the thunder of the cannon at Manassas, where the gallant Pope was struggling manfully against an overpowering foe, he smoked his cigar in gloomy sulkiness, refusing to do anything to aid his brother General; and two days after Pope's defeat, telegraphed his lick-spittle, the insubordinate and treacherous Fitz John Porter, to obey Pope's or-ders! If McClellan had done his duty during his seventeen months service, the

ericksburg .- Independent Democrat. Two tons and a half of oysters w stripped from the copper of the French iron-olad frigate La Gloire, not long

since. Why did Vallandigham object to be-

"Well really," says he, "that stuff is suthin' like; thar's a body to it that tick-les a feller's vitality at the extreme pints." Bill," added he, "I could fight Inguns at half wages, of they'd only feed me from sech a cow's milk as is in that barrel. I do think we'll go anuther."

to shell it out; but you're getting con-sarned close fisted in your old days."

sight afore it gits here.'

for these last drinks; and Jo, yur is wish-

"Thanky, Major; thanky," said Jo: the door, Jo was feeling on the shelf for

"Bit, by thunder!" exclaimed he, and, you had no money-you shan't hev an-

mast, who could not buy the nail of a nigger if able-bodied slaves were selling put I dinks ven he gets proke to de priat a dollar a dozen, who fly into a pas- die, and hash good riders bon him, he sion if they hear of an attack upon slave vill out-run dem poth so far dat dey not

" niggers coming North to compete with the labor of white men."

patiating upon the danger of paper curde cround and coes away mitont dem.
Ven old Shorge Washington, did ride

H. Patriot.

war would have closed months ago, and there would have been no battle of Fred-

"sucks," handed them over, and took the ing sent to Fort Warren? Because wer-change. The first taste brightened the rin' wasn't his forte.

Miscellaneous

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

The Union forever! hurfah, boys, hufrah! Down with the traitor, up with the star! For we're marching to the field, boys, going to the

We will meet the rebel host, boys, Afril we'll show what Uncle Sam has for loyal men to do,

Shouting the battle-cry of freedom. The Union forever, &c. If we fall amid the fray, boys, we'll face them to the last,

Shouting the battle-cry of freedom; Ami our comrades brave shall bear us, so they go fuel ing the battle-cry of freedom.

The Union forever, &c. fes, for Liberty and Union we're springing to the fight, Shouting the battle-cry of freedom aid the victory shall be ours, for we're fising in our s

The Union forerer, &c. Yes, we'll rally round the fing, boys, we'll fally once again, Shouling the battle-cry of freedom; And we'll fully from the hill-side, we'll gather from

The Union forever, &c.

ting the battle-cry of freedom

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million

Shouting the battle-cry of freedom. We'll welcome to our numbers the loval, tree and bra Shonting the battle-cry of freedom: And although he may be poor, he shall never be

Shouting the battle-ery of freedom The Union forever, &c. we're springing to the call, from the Ex West, sting the battle-ery of freedom:

And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the Shouting the battle-ery of freedom

The Union forever, &c. FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

BY YOST LEIGHTENBERGER.

of 1812, but equally appropriate at this

SHETLEMEN SHITIZENS :- I must dank you for de honors you hash bestowed up- dinks I could make it faster if I was on me in bitching upon me for shbeaker, Bresident of de states, or Goncressman, or and I dinks you will not rebent pecause Shudge, or Sheneral, dan I toes to sellin when a Tycheman shpeaks he hash al-mine crain, or pork, or putter, or pacon, ways someding to say. You know shen- put I never kets mad spout it-min tlemens dat we hash met in honor of a head or mine heart never aches pecause day when your Goncress agreed to blay ish nit on de bublic horsh-and ash de Old Harry mit de English, and trive cans nit ket on his pack mine self. I dry dem over de vater to deir own guntry; to ket such on as I dinks will not ride "I'll drink that myself"—and he did.

The Major and Bill retired with the honors, and as they were passing through the door, Jo was feeling on the shelf for his shillings, but the hunting skirt coin since I come here I gets more crout of bibe and shmoke mit mine frau, den I coes mine own as he and all his family does to ped, and ash soon ash my head ish own in deir life-time-but dat is noder town I am asleep, and I nevertream about coming to the door, he shook his fist after here nor dere. You vill exbect me to gommissions. Sheutlemen, I would the old Ranger, exclaiming; "I might shbeak upon bolitics, and I does study a shbeak more bolitics, but I see dem hev know'd a pizen old Ingin killer like creat teal upon bolitics; and ven I gets blaguy gooks are caping at me, and lets won had no money—you shan't hev anuther suck out of this barrel, ef your old more pig as every pody, and cans dalk melt and gizzard was freezin' inside on in de vorld—put dat is noder here nor shot troo de knee mit de groch of a pack

beoples on his pack-put dat ish node here nor dere. All beoples acree dat he We know men, the seat of whose pan- ish a fine horsh. Put some dink de taloons display the flag of distress at half French horsh could peat him, and some dink de English horsh could peat him, operty.

We know the men who never did a old horsh. I mean old Sholly. I cans house, de plack-smith shop, and some dimes to de meeting, and he coes ash well seh any borsh; put only let one of de poys kit on hish pack and pegin to gut deir gapers mit him, and he shows dem There are queer people in the world. him in de new American pridle, and Nine-tenths of all the talk upon the garried Yankee Shon pehind him, do he wash but young, he goes bretty well mit em, dill de whiskey poys in de west parts of Bennsylvania kete hold o' de pridle and dries to shtop de horsh and pull dem

off; den he pegins to shnort and shtamp and would have kill boor Mitchell, only old Shorge did save his life. And ven old Shorge would ride no longer, dey puts Yankee Shon on pefore, and Dom Shefferson behind him, and de horsh coes pretty well; only some dink dat Yankee Shon hold de pridle doo dight, and spur him doo much, and dry to ride like de English shockies. And when Yankee Shon had rid once round, der buts Dom Shefferson on pefore, and dat he seeks repose in retirement, guck old Purr pehind him, and de horsh sensible man. coes nicely. Put some dink dat Shefferson bay doo much for de Louisiana pastures, and say de crass so was shtrong of de monies it would make de horsh sick ; put it makes him trive and look shlick ash a mole. And ven Purr pegins to brick about his dail he gicks him, and dey buts Glinton on pehind. And ven Dom Shefferson's pritches wash worn and his packside was sore mit riding, and would ride no more, dea dey buts Mad

his pack—de Brince Bestent I dinks dey call him, and he panter Shemmy for a rashe, and Shemmy did not like to attart de horsh pecause he was young, put de English shockey he keeps pentering him till Shemmy kets med to day shtart for a rashe, and round de gotage dey went, helter shkelter. When that dey shtart on de sea, Mad Shemmy kets to far shead, de English shockey could not shmelt him shtinck: put after a while de English horsh kain cround, and ash dey base his pack-de Brince Beshent I dinks der lish horsh kain cround, and ash dey base py Detroit, de American horsh make a plunder over an old Hull, and hads like to proke hish neck, and de English horsh ket shesd; put at de Lakes Shemmy give hish whip a grack, and pass py de English shockey like a purd, and some dink de English shockey hads lost hish whip oder hish spur. Put ven dey game on de blains at Washington, de American horsh trop dail, and de English shockey wave his gap, and shouts, and dinks he wins de rashe; put de American horsh soon gets hish wind again, and de English shockey could not douch him any more to de end : and at de coming

in place on de Orleans flats, de English

horsh was tubble tistanced, and de Euro-

pean shockies dink de American horsh

is as cood a horsh ash ever game on de Put, shentlemen, dere is one ding toshe ority, I am inclined to give the preference to the Great Northwest. It is the Great vants to ride on de pack of de bublic Northwest that we are indebted to for our horsh, dey would be enough to kill him best facilities of sunset; some of the greatin tree days. One dinks dat he can ride est hogs of the day come from Cincin-him more petter ash dat one, and dey ket nati; the principal smells of the age beby de ears apont it. You tush know long to Chicago; and the whiskey of Loumand on de sea; one wants to pe gom-pump our forefathers. Hence, my boy, missary, dat he sheat de soldiers out of it was with a feeling akin to reverence deir brode and deir speck; anoder wants that I witnessed the arrival in Accomac to be bay master, dat he shpeculate on of a delegation of high moral Democrat-der monies; and if dey cans nit ket deir ic chaps from the Great Northwest, the ends answered, dey ket as mad as de other day; their mission being to protest yellow shakets ven de pear scratches up against all further continuation of a war deir nest. Now, shentlemen shitizens, it which has degenerated into mere bloodish blain ash te taylight dat we cannot shed for the sake of New England; and all pe Bresidents, and Goncressmen, and to suggest that a convention of all the Shudges, and Shenerals, and de whole States be at once held in Kentucky. to poderation of officers, and some of us arrange a Peace that shall be acceptable young being." musht co mitout dem; for as I said pe-fore, if all wash to mount de bublic horsh the thoughtful Chairman of the delegation dat vants to ride him, we should soon what were his particular grievances, and dat vants to ride him, we should soon kill him ash tead ash a hammer. Yes, shentlemen, dere ish enough of de Hartford Gonvention and deir friends sat em ford Gonvention and deir friends sat em feel estate in the Great Northwest, of real estate in the Great Northwest, of the first law fellow-beings are pro-

shump. Now shentlemen, I own dat I love saddle if I tosh not dake a cood shwig do

AN INCIDENT. - The Indianapolis Jour-

nal tells the following good story of Peter to us, and is vouched for by our informant : "Peter Apple, of Oakland, in this County, was lately recruited for the 11th Indians, and took part in the attempt to storm one of the Vicksburg batteries. The rebel fire was so destructive that our army recoiled. Apple, the "raw rement, and kept going shead until he came right up to one of the rebel guns, caught a gunner by the collar, and brought him within our lines, saying: " Boys, why didn't you come on. ery fellow might have got one." We have heard of no more daring act of bravery than this little incident since the war began."

General Carey, of Cincinnati, a Conservative, in a late speech said : "The rebels are guilty of a crime, but we shall be guilty of a greater one if we do not

Some Copperherd women in Pennsyl vrnia presented the rebels with bouquets a few days since, for which kindness, they had returned to them property stolen by

John Van Buren is about to retire to Lindenwold, and become a farmer. Like "the most renowned of worthy wights,"

offered to bet \$50 that Les marched upon that city. He was taken before a Pro-

In a recent raid on the Combab

wherein Kaness Montgomery was in

command, the number of negroes taken Generale Grant and Pemberton were Shemmy on pefore; and along comes de some years ago lientenants in the regular English horsh mit a pran new shockey on army, and were stationed at Detroit.

THE IRON HARP.

Bweet singers of the dreams of old, ldie are your harps of gold; And ye weep your lot, that lies in the gloom of thunder skies.

For the years of peace are o'er': Our grander age of was. Ye are born too late, too late! And weep in vain your fate,

And the years gone by! Your wails are drowned Of trampling armies, without end, That onward, onward, onward throng,

With faithful rhythm and thyme Of hosts that march in time, Other melodies accord: Bager words sublime, Of musket and of sword Who would our iron age compe Must strike loudly to be heard,

LETTER FROM ORPHEUS C. KERR

After due consideration of the differen points of the Compass, my boy, and a fair estimate of claims of each to superi-

prietors, and cannot continue without proving the entire destruction of some of our largest cities. Just before the war broke out," says the thoughtful chap, impressively, "I gave a three years' note of seven hundred and sixteen dollars and fifty cents for the City of Rome, sitnated on the future line of the Atlantic and Pacific Canal, and divided into four handred water lots of five fathoms each As soon as the Atlantic and Pacific Canal was built, the water would have been drawn off by means of eighteen large hydraulic pumps supported by Eastern cap ital, leaving the lots ready for building purposes. The main street would then have been graded and paved with the new patent Connecticut sub drainage pavement and would have extended two and a half miles in a perfectly straight line, with horse railroad through the centre. The various other streets I should have named numerically, commencing with 'First street,' which faces upon the Atlantic and Pacific Canal, and so going on to 'One Hundred and Seventy-sixth street,' and so on. These streets would have been occupied exclusively by brown-stone-front residences, with a flag staff bearing our national banner on the roof of each one, and rented to small private families with-out children. The full lots on the main out children. The full lots on the main street would have been used for the City Hall, the Lunatic Asylum, the Custom House, the Home for Deranged Persons, the Merchants' Exchange, the Corn Exchange, the Refuge for the Insane, the Grain Elevator, the Institution for Friendless Maniacs, the Principal Pork Packing Establishment, the Hall of Records, the office of the Superintendent of Central Parks, the Madman's Sung Harbor, and the Municipal Bar-Room. The 68 principal banks would have discounted bills of exchange at sight for the benefit of the numerous foreign vessels constantly arri-Atlantic and Pacific Canal, and the Fire Department would have been limited to twenty-three hundred hose carriages and engines, with an educated Chief Engineer.' Here the thoughtful Democratic chap gnashed his teeth, and says he : "But the City of Rome has been entirely retarded by this here Black Republican New England war upon the sunny South, with which the great Northwest has no

earthly quarrel whatever." I was pondering a reply to this very reasonable speech, my boy, when word was suddenly brought that one of the Mackerel pickets had just assassinated a young Confederacy, who had only fired twice upon his inhuman murderer. No sooner did the thoughtful proprietor of the City of Rome hear this sickening news, than he at once formed the Demo chaps into a coroner's jury, and hastily proceeded to hold a high moral inques upon the body of the lamented decessed.

There being no witnesses to examine, and nothing in the pocket-book found

us is another of them noble souls that

Waiting the singer and the song That they can comprehend

Loudly must be sing, and well, To fron harp, with iron word.

juryman. Whereupon he was committed to cus-

now blindly fighting for his wooden-nut- given to this formidable monster, nearly meg foes. I will venture to say," says the whole six barreled Indian language the thoughtful Roman, with great emo- having been exhausted by our national tion, "that he even leved the Great North- navy; but finally, it was resolved to call west in his heart. Behold how freely he her the "Shockingbadhat" -an old Choo-

Just then, there was a sudden silence, my boy, for the right hand of the deceased young Confedeacy was observed to be slowly rising in the air ! Overcome with federacy; then it descended until it reach- ted to examine our national ordnance ed the half averted countenance of the system, and discover the cause of its indead, and convulsively seized the nose

between the thamb and fore-finger. The proprietor of the City of Rome changed color, and says he: "Wellahem !—it can't be that—." Here he looked more closely at the body, and says be : "I am at a loss to explain this remarkable phenomena."

A venerable juryman of much shirttitude of our departed Confederate brother to be that of a man who smells something obnoxious."

Here the Proprietor of Rome suddenly dropped the hand of the deceased Confederacy, and says he :

Great Northwest." "Yes," says the venerable juryman,

The thoughtful proprietor of the City cisely the same as ever, it was in reality of Rome deliberately took off his specta- completely reversed. cles, blew his nose, buttoned his coat up to his chin, and says he: "I have always

our gallant troops are Democrats. What's industriously the yerdict ?" The shirt-collared Juryman waved his find the deceased guilty of contempt of

Court in the last Degree." Then the Democratic chaps from the Great Northwest held an enthusiastic mass meeting on the spot, and unanimousv resolved that neither Kentucky nor Indiana would resist the Conscription Bill, mate I if I don't." should it be found unsafe to do so.

Believe me, my boy, when I say that the great Democratic party is staunchly loyal at heart, however its head may seem to err at times; and never will it take a side with the enemies of the country, even while those enemies make offers

it not only aside but afront. Upon going down to Paris on Friday, found the well-disciplined and spectacled Mackerel Brigade greatly excited and demoralized by the insidious report that their famous new General, the Grim Old Fighting Cox, had actually washed himself. This injurious rumor, my boy, suggested such humiliating national recollections of those days of consummate strategy, when a certain egotistical commander indulged in the vanities of soap and hair oil, that the Brigade were naturally terrified. Finally, however, the abslowly on his unostentations steed, the Pride of the Canal," dressed in the unassuming Republican habiliments of a stern and inflexible coal-heaver. It is needless to say, that he had not washed

himself. This war is at length beginning It is beautiful to see how the Grim Old Fighting Cox is improving the morals of the venerable Mackerels, and winning their affection confidence, and respect. Coming unexpectedly upon a Mackerel pistol over his head, and says he :

"What's the matter, my dear sir ?" "Oh!" says the poor Mackerel, sobbing, "I am in sore need of the pay which is with it, and then commenced showing due me, for two years' faithful strategy the turret of the "Shockingbadhat." to the Union, and know not where to get

affected, and says he softly: "You must grasped at the pole, and says he: humbly kneel, and beseech Providence "Ah, now, what do you want The afflicted chap toyed with his specscles, and says he: "But suppose Proy-

The Grim Old Fighting Cox was much

"Then come to ME !" thundered the Grim Old Fighting Cox, with the air of stern national parent.

dence should refuse ?"

them himself to all the reporters of the reliable morning journals, he invariably desires that they shall go no further; but is now ready for the anticipated conque other great events demand my immediate

marks, my boy, because it is the official report, as it appears in all the reliable mains, and taking one of the lifeless hands within his own, he sniffed feelingly, and says he:

"The young man which is here before us its another of the marks, my boy, because it is the official report, as it appears in all the reliable morning journals, and clearly and satisfactorily explains everything. The first of April is close at hand.

Yours for the marks, my boy, because it is the official report, as it appears in all the reliable morning journals, and clearly and satisfactorily after this event, which I duly recounted at the time—that our uncomment. counted at the time—that our unconquerable old sea dog, Rear Admiral Head, invented an entirely new iron-clad, after

have fallen gory sacrifices of the Mulock the model of a Quaker hat, the turret be-"You mean 'Moloch of War,' " says a ranged that it could be used to cover the gangway amidships. In fact, my boy, the turret was a movable block of iron, whereupon he was committed to custody for contempt of court.

"This young man," continued the Proprietor of Rome, "may have good cause to hate and despise the radical abolition offsprings of New England, but he had no quarrel with the glorious Democratic ent applied for.) There was some construction of the Great Northwest, which is discussion as to what name should be party of the Great Northwest, which is discussion as to what name should be

permits me to clasp his left hand to my taw title of much simplicity, signifing friendly buzzom, even though he is dead." originally "The Head what errs," but now understood as meaning "The Headwaters." There has also been a great improved ment in the swivel gun, my boy, which awe, the jury gazed upon the strange has been so reconstructed as to remedy spectacle, like men under a wizard's spell. the evil of immediate bursting so com-Slowly, slowly, the hand arose, until mon to our heavier ordnance. A com-nearly above the face of the slain Con-mittee of Mackerels having been appoin-

> efficiency, stated in their able report that the causes of the frequent bursting of our larger guns are: First-The powder used in propelling the appropriate missle against the enemy.

Second-The addition of an incendiary spark to said powder. It was further stated in the Report, that although the barrel of a gun was collar, coughed to attract attention, and frequently fractured when it exploded, says he; "I should take the present at- there was no record of the touch-hole ever having exploded; and the committee believed that this curious fact should serve as a valuable suggestion to the

manufacturers of future heavy ordnance. Acting upon this truly valuable suggesracy, and says he:
"Why, he must mean to insult the tune caused his swivel gun to be reconstructed upon a novel principle; the touch-hole was extended to the usual size "There can be but one construction of the of a barrel, and the barrel was reduced present offensive attitude of this dead to the usual size of a touch-hole; so that although the terrible weapon looked pre-

But while the "Shockingbadhat" was being built and receiving her terrific advocated a vigorous prosecution of the new armament, the shameless Confederawar, and believe that full nine-tenths of cies on the Pier in Duck Lake had been mounting it with their villainous horse pistols; so that when the new Mackrel hand impressively, and says he: "We iron-plated squadron was ready for carnage and fishing, there was a hostile pro-

jection in the way.
"Chip my turret !" says Rear Admiral Head, in his iron-plated menner, "I think I shall have to blow a few more Rebels into eternity-smash my case-

I stood upon the shore of Duck Lake. my boy, with a bit of smoked glass to my eye, when our new monster of the deep came abreast of Fort Piano, and Rear-Admiral Head commenced to reconnoitre through a pocket microscope. The venerable commander gazed steadfastly through it for a moment, and says he :

"Crack my plates I if I don't see an insect on the wall of the hostile work." There was indeed a solitary Confederacy, my boy, seated upon the front wall of Fort Piano, dining sumptuously upon some fresh hoe-cake, and says he: "You can't pass here, without a New

lersey ferry ticket." (New Jersey, my boy, is now a Sonthern Confederacy, or a Peace of one.)
I could hear the glorious old naval hero say, in a suppressed voice, to the intelligent Mackerel crew on top of the

turret: "Depress your weapon four points to windward, grease the ball, and fire at his stomach." In another instant the whole landscape

shook with a tremendous explosion, jarring the Admiral so greatly that his spectacles fell off, and causing his blue cotton mbrella to tremble like a leaf. The ball ascended to the zenith in a parabolical curve, and was lost among the other planets. I do not think, my boy, that the Confederacy would have been offended at this, had not the sudden noise causwho had just laid aside his umbrella and ed him to jump in such a manner that he removed his spectacles, in order that he dropped his hoe-cake in the dirt. Upon might weep the more freely, he fired a this occurrence, however, he sprang to his legs on the wall, drew up a long pole from behind, disrespectfully cracked glorious old Rear Admiral over the head with it, and then commenced shoving at

Perceiving the great danger of the squadron, and unmindful of his own wound, the venerable sea-dog bestily

"Ah, now, what do you want to do that for, Mr. Davis? What's the use of pushing my turret overboard ?"
He said this so mildly, my boy, that

the Confederacy burst into a prodigious horse-laugh, and drew in his pole again. "As no possible good could be attained by taking Fort Piano, the indomitable old Rear Admiral at once returned with nificant anecdotes as this, my boy; though the squadron to his original anchorage; when the Grim Old Fighting Cox tells having gained all that was required, and having gained all that was required, and proved his iron-clad monster to be fully qualified for actual service. Everything

> of Duck Lake." I give you the above in quotation marks, my boy, because it is the official